



PS

3111

T9

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

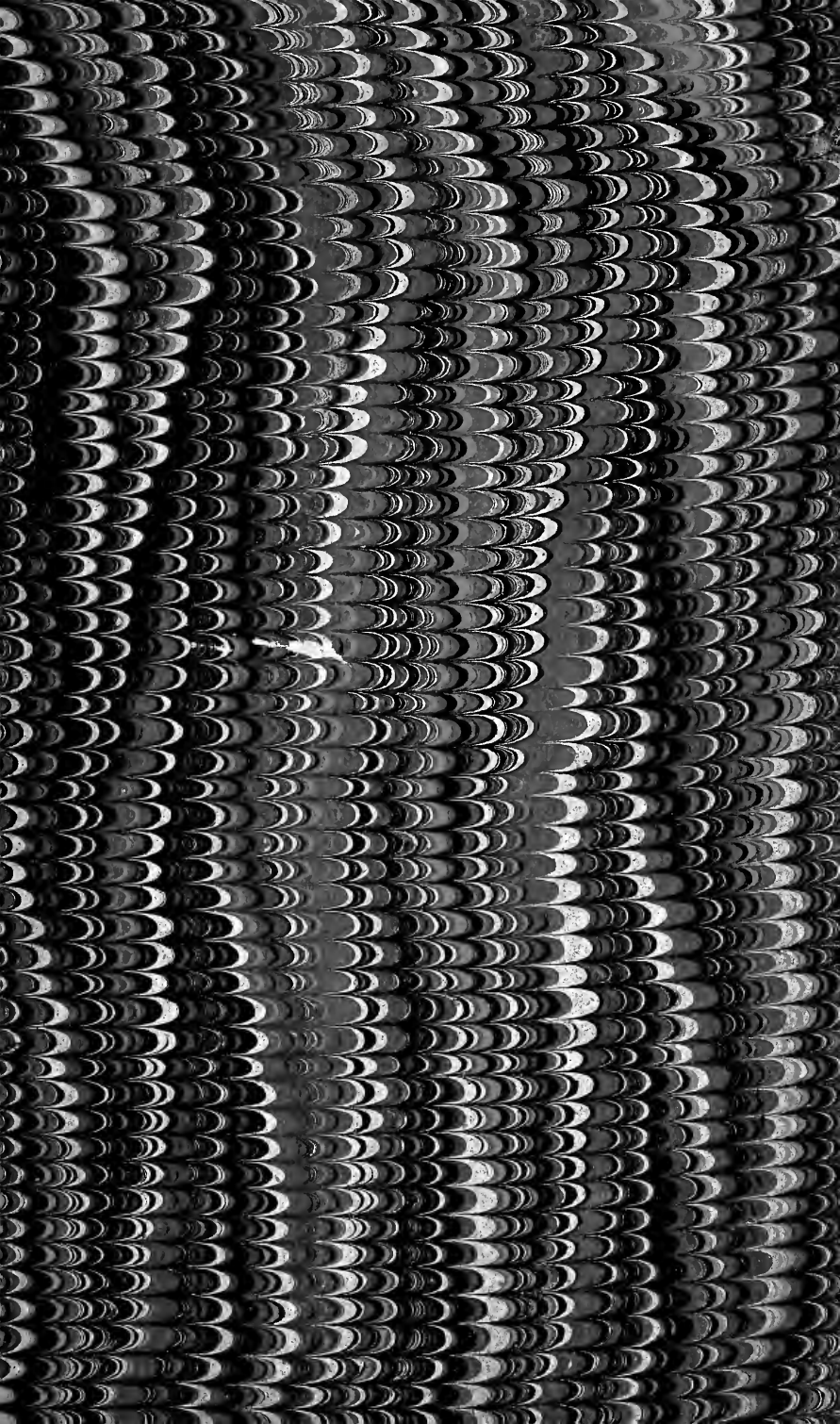
PS 3111

Chap.

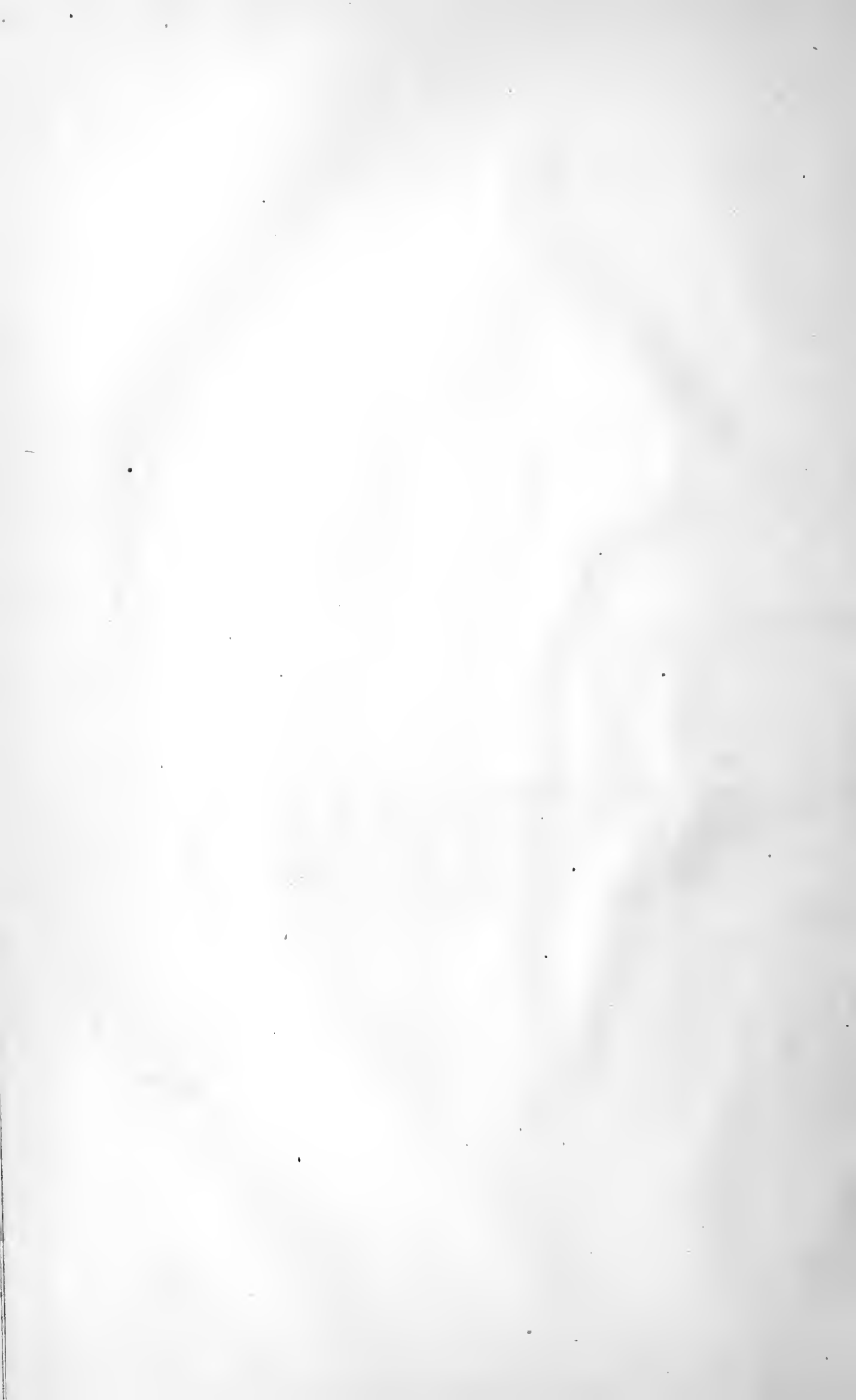
Copyright No.

2104 .T9

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







8/72 10

12.9119-21

ROBERT TYHURST'S

OLIO FOLIO,

OR

RIGDUM DIDUM FUNNY DOES.



DRESDEN, OHIO:

1873.

Entered according to act of Congress in year 1873, by Robert Tyhurst in the office
of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

B-1



✓
ROBERT TYHURST'S

OLIO FOLIO,

OR

RIGDUM DIDUM FUNNY DOES.

33



DRESDEN, OHIO:
1873. 4

753111

.T9

TO THE READER.

This little book, which we have just published, is only preparatory to a larger book of poems, of upwards of two hundred pages, fully illustrated, which we intend to publish in a short time.

Yours Truly,

ROBERT TYLHURST.

DRESDEN, Ohio, August 1, 1873.

PREFACE.

Knowing that young folks are fond of some kind of light reading, I introduce this small work, hoping it will please every person into whose hands it may chance to fall.

It is all original—my own composition—gotten up carefully, morally, and will be found entertaining to old as well as young people.

TERMS.

One copy,.....	25 Cents.
Ten copies,.....	\$2 00.
Twenty-five copies,.....	4 50
Fifty copies,.....	8 50
One hundred copies,.....	16 00
Two hundred copies,.....	30 00

AGENTS WANTED.—Apply to ROBERT TYHURST, Dresden, Muekingum County, Ohio. Write plainly.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Trials of an Old Miller,.....	5
Morning Thoughts,.....	6
Mr. O'Dell,.....	7
A Country Girl visits her City Cousin,.....	8
Dick Dougherty's Courtship,.....	11
Sir Charles and the Beggar,.....	13
Married and Single Life,.....	15
The Rich Merchant and his Daughter,.....	17
The Miser and Spendthrift,.....	19
The Beggar of London,.....	21
General Taylor and the Mexican War,.....	23
Mr. Cline and the Presiding Elder,.....	24
Negro Elected Supervisor,.....	28
Conversation Between a Lawyer and a Farmer,.....	29
Verses on the Fort near Newark, Ohio,.....	31
No Belief in Man,.....	31
The Butcher and his Calves,.....	33
Concerning an Evening School,.....	35
The Mammoth Trees of California,.....	36
The Three Black Crows,.....	37
The Atlantic Cable,.....	39

OLIO FOLIO.

TRIALS OF AN OLD MILLER.

I'm an old miller; you may guess at my name,
Whether Dick, Tom or Harry, that's all the same.
While the old mill run clicking along,
I found a few moments to write you a song.
I've tended old mills for many a day,
Never found much time to lose, or to play.
When it so happened the water was low,
I sharpened the burrs, all ready to go.
Many long years I've followed the trade—
Many a barrel of flour have I made.
I've chopped lots of ice from old water wheels,
While water was dripping over head and heels;
After all my toiling, chopping and fret,
Receiving my pay while dripping with wet.
I've patched bolting cloths on old bolting reels,
Stiffening my fingers and freezing my heels.
Scarcely before myself I could warm,
Thickly around me the farmers would swarm,
Saying, "Hullo, miller, what's wrong with yer mill;
When I come along she always is still."
Up steps another: "Going to start soon?
I promised my wife to be home before noon."
"Hullo!" says another, "do you make good flour?
My wife says the other was very sour."
In came another, rubbing his eyes,
Saying, "My wife could'nt get the other to rise."
'Long came another, very self-willed,
Saying, "Old miller, my last grist was killed;
My wife seldom makes a mistake,
She condemned the flour when trying to bake."
'Long came another, saying, "My wife's very ill.
Have you got many grists in yer mill?
If so, draw on the water; it's running over the dam.
Slip mine in first. Here, miller, take a dram."
In came another, white with old age,
Saying, "Now, miller, don't fly in a rage;

My wife says you ruined those teeth of hers—
 Thinks you ground it too soon after dressing the burrs.
 The loaves were gritty all underneath.
 She thinks that's what ruined her teeth.
 One of my neighbors, just back of the hill,
 Says he's a great notion of quitting your mill.
 The very last grist, he declared by his soul,
 That you kept his grist and sent him the toll."
 'Long came another—perhaps the next day—
 "Hullo, old miller, step out this way.
 You're running your mill, it appears, very brisk.
 Tell me what's wrong with my last grist:
 The first sack was good—white as the snow—
 Tried the next sack, and found it no go.
 Now, the third sack had to be tried.
 I went to work; soon had it untied:
 My wife soon went to work with a will,
 And acknowledged this one filled the bill."

Now, with all this a millers has got to contend;
 'Tis all true as preaching, you may depend.
 All this came to pass as I traveled through life—
 No real happiness, good deal of strife.
 Patience and water-gruel is good for the gout;
 Sometimes my patience is nearly worn out:
 Many times I felt like quitting the job,
 But never shed a tear, nor uttered a sob.
 I've now concluded to quit by degrees:
 Try to live a little more at my ease.

MORNING THOUGHTS.

As I lay awake in the morning, a little before break of day,
 Just as roosters were crowing, thinking how man went astray,
 The air looked dull and hazy, the ground slightly covered with snow,
 Daylight just a dawning, my heart began for to glow.

The sun was gently arising, through the mists began for to shine,
 Morning seemed to be pleasant, trees all hanging with rhyme.
 The east shone with bright colors, God's goodness was plain to be seen,
 Although 'tis not in the season for vegetation to look lovely and green.

I watched the sun at midday, my shadow seemed to be small,
 I thought of the littleness of man, since our first parents' fall,
 How happy man would have been, if he had not thus went astray.
 Although, sinful as we are, God, in his goodness opened a way.

Jesus came into this world, all our sins for to heal,
And to tell of the goodness of God, and the secrets of Him to reveal.
See how humble He came, no pomp nor vanity in Him,
Cradled and nursed in a manger, there being no room at the inn.

I watched the sun as he set, away in the far distant west,
When, behold the beautiful colors! man surely is blessed.
Everything seemed to be peaceful, the wind it was calm and still,
Scarcely a sound to be heard, except the cattle on yon distant hill.

Man's labor for the day it was o'er, the birds were gone to their rest,
All nature seemed for to slumber, when the sun sank far in the west.
Surely this world's not so bad after all, altho' I hear many complain,
Man is so corrupt since the fall, which causes much of our pain.

Now, let us try to do better, not tarry any longer in sin,
We will surely not be any better, except we early begin.
Then God will look down upon us, and pardon our sins for the past,
And insure us a good resurrection, and take us to himself at the last.

MR. O'DELL.

1. Did you ever hear tell of Mr. O'Dell,
Far away in the West?
He had an old sow would kick up a row,
And drive away all the rest.
2. Now, Mr. O'Dell knew very well
What failings she had got;
So, as one would suppose, he put rings in her nose,
And turned her into his lot.
3. Early next morn he looked over his corn,
To see if all was right,
When, to his surprise, the old sow he espies,
She having got in over night.
4. He off with his coat, and ran like a goat;
But the old sow she was wise.
Quick as an eel she was out of the field,
And left Mr. O'Dell in surprise.
5. Now, Mr. O'Dell was puzzled to tell
How the cunning old brute got out.
The fence, it appears, had not stood many years,
And he considered it both good and stout.

6. Now, after he looked, he saw a log that was crook'd;
So he turned the ends outside.
Soon 'long came the hog, and entered the log;
But she happened to come out the wrong side.
 7. It was laughable now to see the old sow
Go in and out at her leisure.
She would look all round to see corn on the ground,
And it gave Mr. O'Dell much pleasure.
 8. The old sow thought it strange the log was so changed,
That she could not get corn as before;
For she came in and out, and looked all about,
But corn she could not find any more.
 9. Now, the truth for to tell, the log was a mere shell,
With a large hole through the middle.
O'Dell had it changed, and so well arranged,
That the old sow had to hang up her fiddle.
-

A COUNTRY GIRL VISITS HER CITY COUSIN.

Why, how do you do, cousin Jane?
What nice houses you have here!
I've walked till I'm quite lame,
And almost tired to death, my dear.

MARY.

We are all well excepting ma,
And she has got a cold.
I've been looking for my pa;
He'll be home to-night, I'm told.

JANE.

How do you think you'll like the city?
I presume you'll think it quite strange.
You've torn your dress! what a pity!
And your hair is quite out of range!

MARY.

Two more dressess are all I've got,
And one of them is quite old.
My shoes, too, I'd liked to've forgot,
Should be patched and soled.

JANE.

Dear me! how sorry I do feel!
What made you start in this way?
Your stockings are torn at the heel!
You will have to throw them away.

MARY.

My mother thought I was fine:
She said I would be sure of a beau.
I could have married before, if I did incline
To Mr. Tom Sawyer's son Joe.

JANE.

Oh, Mary, you're now in the city;
You will have to be smart, don't you know.
You will have to dress very pretty:
Perhaps you may get a rich beau.

MARY.

Why, cousin, how fine you are dressed!
Do you wear your best every day?
I never saw the like in the West,
Except on the first day of May.

JANE.

Cousin Mary, we must go to the store,
And you will have to dress very fine.
Our carriage I'll have fetched at the door;
We will call at the store No. Nine.

MARY.

You're too clever, cousin Jane, I declare,
How ever shall I make you amends;
You allow me your dresses to wear,
And also to visit your friends.

JANE.

Dear cousin, 'tis no disgrace to be poor.
You will always find in me a friend;
It comes very unhandy, to be sure,
When we are short of money to spend.

MARY.

I wonder what Joe would say,
If he happened to come to the city;
But the poor fellow don't know his way,
Now don't you think it's a pity?

JANE.

Who is Tom Sawyer, I would like to know ?
Now tell me, while you are here;
And do you really love his son Joe?
For his name sounds very queer.

MARY.

Mr. Sawyer is a tinker by trade,
He mends all the kettles in town;
Joe is straight and well made,
And good-looking as any one round.

JANE.

Well, Mary, you're very good-looking,
When dressed in those clothes of mine.
Your dress only wants hooking,
Then we will call on Miss Mary Cline.

MARY.

I am afraid I shall feel too bashful
To visit those ladies so fine,
Although I feel very wishful
To see them, if you are in mind.

JANE.

Now, cousin Mary, walk perfectly genteel;
See that your hoops are all well arranged,
We will have to call on Miss Mary Neal,
Right opposite the Merchants' Exchange.

MARY.

What strange wagon is that,
That people are making such a noise?
Who is that man with a cap,
Swinging his whip at the boys?

JANE.

Those are omnibusses, my dear;
They run all over the city;
Some buy tickets by the year,
And the way they ride is a pity.

MARY.

Well, I've seen lots of fine people,
Since I arrived in the city;
The churches, with their lofty steeples,
And bells ringing so pretty,

JANE.

Cousin Mary, I wish you could stay,
And not go to the country so soon.
Surely you're not bound to a day :
Stay till to-morrow afternoon.

MARY.

I must off in the morning, you know,
Or my friends will kick up a fuss ;
I want to see my man Joe,
And, perhaps, give him a buss.

JANE.

I shall have to wish you good-day :
Give my love to Aunt and the rest ;
Come again, if you can, by next May :
Remember me to all in the West.

DICK DOUGHERTY'S COURTSHIP :

AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

When I was young, about seventeen,
In the way of sparking I felt rather green ;
But I soon came to the conclusion,
A bachelor's life was a delusion.

There happened to live in our little town
A pretty girl, Miss Mary Brown.
I often thought about a wife,
But could not venture for my life.

"Dick," says I, "you stupid dunce,
Take courage, and go at once."
So, one Saturday night off I goes,
Dressed in my Sunday clothes.

My heart was thumping up and down
As I went to the house of Mr. Brown.
After feeling myself quite secure,
I gave an awful rapping at the door.

While waiting there, 'tis my belief,
I shook like an aspen leaf.

Soon the door open flew,
With "good evening" and "how do you do."

"Is Mary within, sir," says I,
Still looking very shy.
"Oh yes, sir," says he;
"Please to come along with me.

Now, as I walked through the hall,
I felt as though I would faint and fall.
My face I tried more than once to hide,
When first I Mary espied.

At last, taking courage, I at her flew,
Saying, "Mary, dear, how do you do."
She returned the compliment with a smile,
Saying, "Richard, sit down and talk awhile."

Then, seating myself by the fire,
I felt as proud as any 'Squire.
We talked of this, and then of that,
While my heart went pit-a-pat.

We talked things over and over again.
At last it began to rain.
Says Mary, "This is a stormy night;
You'll have to stay till morning light."

Says I to myself, "You're a lucky boy,"
As my heart overflowed with joy.
Soon she showed me a bed,
For me to rest my weary head.

I soon took off my shoes and hose,
With the rest of my Sunday clothes.
Blowing out the light and closing the door,
I was soon in bed quite secure.

Long time I tried to go to sleep,
But my eyelids would not meet.
I rolled and tumbled up and down.
My thoughts were all on Mary Brown.

As my mind was waving to and fro,
I thought I heard a noise below.
I soon was up and looked around;
A hole in the floor I quickly found.

Now, what do you think I saw below?
 It was Mary with another beau!
 Oh! then he gave her such a buss!
 I was almost ready to raise a fuss.

I could not stand it any longer;
 My passion still a growing stronger.
 I hardly knew what to do—
 I tore my shirt almost in two.

I walked the room o'er and o'er.
 At last bang I went right through the floor.
 'Twas hard to tell who was scared the most.
 They both declaired I was a ghost.

But when they took a second look,
 They saw me hanging on a hook,
 Which had caught in my drawers.
 Oh, but it gave me the horrors.

They soon recovered from their fright,
 And fell to laughing with all their might.
 I requested them to help me down.
 This done, my Sunday clothes I found.

I dressed myself, and home I goes;
 And how I felt no one knows.
 But one thing I know for *sartin*:
 You don't catch me any more a sparking.

SIR CHARLES AND THE BEGGAR

BEGGAR.

Sir, may I venture on your floor,
 Being hungry, lame and poor?
 'Tis hard to beg—I will not steal—
 Oh, the piercing cold I feel!

SIR CHARLES.

Why don't you work and earn your bread,
 Go better dressed and better fed?
 I'm sure you look both young and stout.
 What makes you wander thus about?

BEGGAR.

Sir, it has been my lot,
For twenty years, if I've not forgot.
I can not work like many more—
I beg my bread from door to door.

SIR. CHARLES.

Have you no friends to interfere,
As thus you travel from year to year?
Your countenance speaks for you praise,
As though you'd seen better days.

BEGGAR.

Sir, I was told when very young,
That I from rich parents sprung.
My adopted parents were a Gipsy band.
Who traveled to a foreign land.

SIR CHARLES.

For what reason did you stay behind?
Did they not use you kind?

BEGGAR.

They were very cross, and would cheat.
I think I never saw their beat.

SIR CHARLES.

What name did they call you, pray?
I presume you was stole away?

BEGGAR.

They called me many names in way of fun,
Tom, Dick and Harry, sometimes My Son.
One night when to bed they went,
I thought I would listen at their tent.

SIR CHARLES.

Well, what did you hear? make haste and tell.
I hope all things will turn out well.

BEGGAR.

"On the first of June," I heard her say,
"That stormy night I stole Charles away."

SIR CHARLES.

What, is it possible, are you right?
I lost my son Charles that very night.
I searched for him high and low,
Fully twenty years ago.

BEGGAR.

One thing more I recollect—
 I have a mark upon my back.
 I was told 'tis shaped like a hare—
 Good sir, pray what makes you stare?

SIR CHARLES.

Stare! my darling boy!
 My heart overflows with joy.
 Your chestnut hair and eyes of blue—
 My darling son, I know 'tis you!

BEGGAR.

Pray, are you Sir Charles, may I be so bold?
 If so, the truth the Gipsies told.

SIR CHARLES.

That's my name, my loving son,
 But I fear my race is almost run.
 Once I was blithe and gay,
 But now my locks are turning gray.

BEGGAR.

Is it possible? can it be so,
 That I'm your son, that's brought so low?

SIR CHARLES.

Charles, my son, 'tis true, indeed,
 And you shall have my fastest steed.
 Your ragged clothes shall be thrown away,
 And you shall be dressed fine and gay.
 Let's away to the mansion, my son,
 Where we shall be greeted by every one.

MARRIED AND SINGLE LIFE.

[It wants three to speak this piece, two young men, and one to come in at last to act as widow. In speaking any of those pieces, it should be done with great boldness.]

FIRST VOICE.

A man that is married, how happy is he.
 When he comes home at night his wife sits on his knee.
 He throws his arms around her, he gives her a squeeze.
 'Tis the pleasantest life, say what you please.

SECOND VOICE.

When a man is married his trouble begins :
 He labors each day; what trouble it brings !
 Besides, he's rent and taxes to pay.
 He's doomed to be a slave till he passes away.

FIRST VOICE.

How sweet is the life of a young married man !
 His wife soothes sorrows, she helps him to plan ;
 She meets him with a smile as he enters the door ;
 Home is made happy if ever so poor.

SECOND VOICE.

When man is married he undergoes trouble ;
 He labors so hard his back is bent double ;
 And many cross words he gets from his wife.
 He's doomed to be a slave the rest of his life.

FIRST VOICE.

When people are married prosperity reigns,
 New life and hope spring through their veins,
 And every day which they pass through,
 Shows they're one instead of being two.

SECOND VOICE.

I hate married life the worst of all things.
 A man rises in the morn, his work he begins ;
 He labors and toils, and often he frets ;
 His wages being small, he can't pay his debts.

FIRST VOICE.

Oh the sweet joys it brings to the old.
 A married life's blessings have never been told.
 When one is sick, and like for to faint,
 Who soothes his sorrows and hears his complaint ?

SECOND VOICE.

Trouble upon trouble a married man sees ;
 His children a bawling ; say what you please,
 What pleasure has he, I would like to know.
 If his children are sick he for the doctor must go.

FIRST VOICE.

When a man is married, it lengthens his days,
 He's improved in his manners, likewise in his ways,
 His sweet little children, they skip round the house,
 If he chance stamp his foot, they're wist as a mouse.

SECOND VOICE.

When a man is married he looks down with sorrow;
 He labors each day to provide for to-morrow.
 By the sweat of his face he earns his bread;
 When he retires to rest hard is his bed.

FIRST VOICE.

Much has been said about married life,
 But I would not be single, if I could find a wife.
 You may talk as you please, and after you've done,
 We'll all live to see you tied to one.

THIRD VOICE. (YOUNG WIDOW.)

One thing, gentlemen, I wish you to consider,
 And take some advice from a young *widder*;
 Once I was married, I had no reason to complain;
 I am getting in the notion to try it again.
 My husband was poor, but honest and wise,
 His hair it was black, and blue were his eyes.
 Some people get married, and never consider.
 Consider, then marry, is the advice of a *widder*.

THE RICH MERCHANT AND HIS DAUGHTER.

CONCERNING HER LOVERS.

Once there lived a merchant in the east,
 Whose fortune was two millions at least.
 He had one only daughter, blooming and fair,
 And many a beau a sparking went there.

This merchant he had ten vessels at sea,
 And all were lost going to China for tea.
 One night when he lie in his bed,
 A strange idea popped in his head,

Concerning his daughter and her beaux.
 How to find them out a plan he discovers.
 I'll pretend to have lost all my wealth,
 Besides not being well in my health.

A few evenings after 'long came Mr. Hall,
 He wishing to give this lady a call.
 The merchant he attends to the door,
 And pretends, of course, to be very poor.

Then says the merchant to Mr. Hall,
"I'm very glad to have you to call.
I've some news I wish to relate,
Concerning my ships and what was their fate.

My business will soon be brought to a close;
How I'm to live the Lord only knows.
Besides, my health it is very poor,
And 'tis more than I can endure.

I've an old saddle out in the stall.
If you marry my daughter 'tis yours, Mr. Hall;
And that is all I have for to give.
I have not means wherewith to live.

"Indeed I am sorry at your downfall.
I had no notion of marrying," says Mr. Hall,
"I only came for a little recreation;
Besides, she's far beneath my station.

As for the old saddle, I have no use for that."
Then gently bowing, he picked up his hat.
"So far so good; I will carry out my plan.
We'll soon see who loves you," says the old man.

The very next evening 'long came Mr. Moore,
And gave a gentle rap at the door.
The merchant received him very polite,
With a "how-do-you-do? 'tis a beautiful night."

Is your daughter at home? inquires Mr. Moore.
"Yes, a minute ago she stepped out the door.
She has a deal of trouble concerning of me.
Ten vessels I've lost on the wide open sea,

Besides other losses of a different kind.
It makes me almost out of my mind.
I've an old saddle hanging behind the door.
If you marry my daughter tis yours, Mr. Moore.

"I'm too young to marry; I never thought of that."
Then stretching himself, he picked up his hat.
Then cries the merchant once more,
"My poverty, I see, don't agree with young Moore.

A few evenings after 'long came Mr. Wise,
Which took the old merchant rather by surprise.
"Is your daughter within?" Mr. Wise did say,
"I've come twenty miles, and walked all the way.

I heard you have met with a sad downfall,
 Having lost your ships, men and all.
 Is there anything that I can do
 In the way of assisting you ? ”

“ One word with you, Mr. Wise.
 I hope you will not feel much surprise :
 I’ve lost my ships and every paddle ;
 I’ve nothing left but an old saddle.

My horses are gone, likewise my carriage.
 Now, will you take my daughter in marriage ?
 If so, I wish you to understand,
 My old saddle’s at your command.”

“ Sir, if your fair daughter you will give unto me,
 I’ll restore all the loss you met on the sea.
 All I have is at your command,
 If only I can win your fair daughter’s hand.”

“ Tis already won,” the lady replied,
 “ Only say the word, and I’m your bride.
 My father’s consent you’ll have for to get,
 For fear he might get in a pet.”

“ Tis already granted,” the merchant replied,
 And the very next day he made her his bride.
 The wedding being over, the merchant told of his plan,
 How he found out which was the right man.

He ripped open the saddle, when lo and behold !
 Fifty thousand dollars all in bright gold.
 Now the young couple looked quite surprised.
 So ends the tale of the merchant and Wise.

THE MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

MISER.

My friend, now harken unto me ;
 What makes you spend your blunt so free ?
 The time will come, you may depend,
 When you have but little for to spend.

SPENDTHRIFT.

A miser’s life I would not lead.
 I help all that stand in need ;
 Good clothes, too, I like to wear.
 My heart is always free from care.

MISER.

I care not for your splendid dress--
 Good homespan suits me the best.
 I care nothing to make a show—
 My work is hard, my living low.

SPENDTHRIFT.

You had better quit your foolish ways,
 And not be miserable all your days.
 If you meet a lady you do despise her—
 I am happy to think I am not a miser.

MISER.

What's a spendthrift, I would like to know?
 Strutting about to make a show.
 Many a father has been ruined
 By this sad way of doing.

SPENDTHRIFT.

If I spend my money it will circulate,
 And do good to all throughout the State.
 To hoard it up I would be no wiser—
 I was not born to be a miser.

MISER.

After awhile you'll be getting old;
 People will look on you very cold.
 All the while you have money to spend,
 Every one will be your friend.

SPENDTHRIFT.

A miser never had a friend:
 He is willing to borrow, but never lend.
 To spend a dime—he will not do it—
 If he did he would not live through it.

MISER.

My friend, I believe you're partly right.
 I am just coming to my sight.
 We both are wrong, I plainly see;
 Now let us try for to agree.

SPENDTHRIFT.

My friend, I believe you're partly right.
 By viewing things in a different light,
 We both are wrong, I must confess,
 When we are brought to the test.

MISER.

Give me your hand, my young friend,
 We will bring our subject to an end.
 Take me, young man, for your adviser—
 Be not a spendthrift nor yet a miser.

SPENDTHRIFT.

My hand, my heart, I freely give
 In friendship to you while I live.
 I will try to mend my ways,
 And give to One above the praise.

MISER.

Yes, and may we never disagree,
 But live in peace and harmony.
 Give me your hand; I must away;
 May we meet again some future day.

THE BEGGAR OF LONDON.

A beggar once in London did dwell.
 He traveled round with matches to sell,
 Being blind of an eye and lame of a leg.
 When he sold all his matches then he would beg

This beggar was possessed of riches,
 Which he carried about his breeches.
 A patch behind and a patch before
 Was the old pants he wore.

And whenever a guinea he got,
 Which often was his lot,
 He sewed it up in his breeches.
 Thus he carried all his riches.

From street to street he wandered wide,
 Well set with gold on either side.
 But scarcely ever a bit of meat
 Did this old beggar eat.

This beggar he got very old,
 And could not travel in the cold.
 A godly man was passing by
 Where this old beggar lie.

"Come," says he, "and go with me ;
My house a home for you shall be."
Then, taking him by the hand,
He showed respect to the beggar man,

While the beggar lie sick in bed,
To the good man thus he said :
"Although I'm not possessed of riches,
I leave you the remains of my old breeches."

Then turning over on his side,
He gave up the ghost and died.
His funeral it was well attended ;
The sermon preached, and all was ended.

His breeches they were old and rotten,
And were like to be forgotten.
But when he viewed them aright,
He thought he saw something bright.

But scarcely before a word was spoken,
He took out his knife and ripped them open,
And what was there to his delight—
Five hundred guineas shining bright.

He was so rejoiced at the sight,
It caused him to laugh outright.
His wife wondered what the noise could be,
And soon she joined him in the spree.

Now, let us take a lesson from this good man,
And help the poor whene'er we can.
By doing this, ere we get old,
Will be received by tenfold.

Besides, our conscience will be clear,
As we journey on from year to year.
Our life below is but a span.
Thus ends the tale of the beggar man.

GENERAL TAYLOR AND THE MEXICAN WAR.

General Ampudia, the Mexican Governor-in-Chief,
Sent word to General Taylor, that's my belief,
To break up his camp in twenty-four hours;
But bold Taylor he stuck to his colors.

He always commanded so well—
Never was daunted by shot or shell,
His men were always at his command,
Either at Fort Brown or at the Rio Grande.

Soon the Mexicans, without any flattery,
Opened a fire of seven guns from their battery.
But our brave men, of fame and renown,
Poured shot and shell into their town.

The cannonading was conducted so well,
General Taylor heard the sound at Point Isabel.
As shot and shell rose and wended their way,
The darkness of night was turned into day.

The enemies' guns did not cease for to roar,
For six long hours—some think it more—
The enemy on a plain three miles in extent—
Our men hearing the news, soon at it they went.

Taylor's men wishing to try the enemies' pluck,
They fought bold, and great was their luck.
Six thousand of the enemy, without any deception,
Stood ready to give them a warm reception.

For two hours they fired by order of Ringgold;
Each man stood with courage so bold.
But at length poor Ringgold he fell.
This sad news I am sorry to tell.

Resting his head on his right hand,
To his men till the last he gave the command.
General Arista was unwilling to yield;
But soon our men took possession of the field.

The Mexicans now, thinking they were in town,
Entrenched themselves on the way to Fort Brown.
But here, during the day, the battle renewed—
The bodies of the enemies thickly were strewed.

The Mexicans they did not like to be beat,
 Determined to meet death rather than suffer a defeat.
 But Taylor's men, with shot and sword,
 Like hail into the enemy poured.

Both armies fought many a round,
 The enemy disputing every inch of ground;
 And, what made it still worse,
 They had to be overcome by main force.

Our men fired away with many a blast.
 The enemy had to yield up at last.
 Now General Taylor, with fame and renown,
 Directed his march towards Fort Brown.

At the battle of Vera Cruz our men won the day,
 And drove poor old Santa Ann away.
 Old Santa Ann, about six feet high,
 Of the Yankee boys he felt rather shy.

The poor old General thought to come out winner,
 But was glad to escape with the loss of his dinner.
 As for this, you may think as you're a-mind,
 But he actually left his cork leg behind.

Old Santa Ann found it a failure,
 When he undertook to whip General Taylor.
 Now, my good people, I'll have you to know,
 Our armies won the day all through Mexico.

Our men fought so boldly under good command,
 Little were they daunted at old Santa Ann.
 Whene'er we are called on we are ready to go,
 To whip Santa Ann on the plains of Mexico.

MR. CLINE AND THE PRESIDING ELDER.

Come all you that's for mirth inclined;
 I've something to cure a melancholy mind.
 A Presiding Elder who went plainly dressed,
 But versed in scripture he's one of the best.

A quarterly meeting he had to attend.
 He concluded to stay all night with a friend.
 He was not acquainted—it being the first time,
 He's advised to stay with one Brother Cline.

Mr. Cline, informed that the Elder would be there,
 They set the house in order, and for him prepare.
 They look, and watch all that go past:
 The long looked-for came in at last.

Being rather peculiar in his ways and dress,
 He concludes not to make himself known at the best.
 In the afternoon it began to rain;
 He asked the favor all night to remain.

Their countenance showed by the wink of the eye,
 'Twould've been very agreeable if he'd pass'd them by.
 Soon Mrs. Cline commenced for to say,
 "We expect our Presiding Elder with us to stay.

Mr. Cline winked and nodded his head:
 "To tell you the truth, sir, I've but one spare bed,
 If the Elder should come, and most likely he will,
 Except he's detained or taken very ill,

We could not accommodate but one, you see:
 That's all the difference it makes to me."
 "Never trouble yourself about me at all;
 I can take a nap down in the hall.

The weather's too bad to travel, you see,
 For such an old man as me."
 Now Mrs. Cline's a listening at the door:
 Never was a woman so vexed before.

The Presiding Elder is in her head;
 The worst of all; she had but one bed.
 Away to the kitchen she flew in a minute,
 Saying, "Blame it all, the deuce is in it!"

And sure enough the old dog Tray
 Had took the old lady's chickens away.
 She jump'd and raved and almost swore,
 Saying they were gone, and she had no more.

The Elder was listening all the while,
 And on his face could be seen a smile.
 Mrs. Cline concludes to make some tea—
 The Elder would not come she plainly see.

Supper being ready now at last,
 They seated round and a blessing asked;
 Now conversation soon arose,
 And something like this it goes:

"Do you ever read your Bible, sir?"
 Says Cline to the traveler.
 "Sometimes, when I feel inclined,
 I read to satisfy my mind."

"Do you understand what you read?
 More religion I expect you need.
 Now, sir, the question's fair;
 How many commandments are there?"

The Elder studies a little while,
 Saying, "Eleven, sir," and began to smile.
 "Eleven!" says Mr. Cline.
 "You're surely getting out of your mind."

He calls to his son, whose name is Hen,
 Saying, "how many commandments?" he answers, "ten."
 "Hear that, sir!" says Mr. Cline,
 "That Boy's age is only nine,

And still he knows more
 Than you do at seventy-four."
 Says Mrs. Cline, "'Tis strange, indeed,
 This old man does not his Bible read."

Handing him the book, says she, "Go and try it.
 I think you'll surely profit by it.
 If the Elder does not come," she said,
 "You can occupy his bed."

The weather's bad, or I would think it queer,
 That he's not showed his picture here.
 He's some old cuss, I have no doubt,
 Not worth troubling myself about.

He will be at church to-morrow, and in his place
 We shall get to see his pretty face."
 With this she began to smile,
 Saying, "What! you reading all the while?"

"Certainly, mam," the Elder says,
 "It puts me in mind of ancient days.
 Much good is here if we only search.
 I think to-morrow I'll go to church."

Most likely the Elder will be there,
 And cause some people for to stare."
 "Yes, indeed," says Mrs. Cline,
 As in the conversation she did join.

"Some people go new fashions to see;
But that's not the case with me.
I always go some good to hear;
When preaching 'tis very near."

"That's all very good," says Mr. Cline,
As he now joins in the rhyme;
"But I really do think it queer,
That the Elder is not here."

"Oh, I expect he's some proud old cuss,"
Says Mrs. Cline, "too good to stay with us.
I don't care; just let him pass;
For all I care, he may go to grass."

At last Sunday came; to church they went,
To satisfy their hearts' content.
"You'll sit with us," says Brother Cline.
"The church is very full, I find."

Then replied the Elder—a fox—
"Up yonder I see an empty box."
No sooner said, but in a minute,
He soon was up and seated in it.

Brother Cline he's surprised.
"Come down here!" his wife she cries.
She almost went into fits,
Saying, "That's where our preacher sits."

The Elder kept his seat, and took
From his pocket a small hymn book.
Soon he began to sing
The congregation joining him,

Except Brother and Sister Cline—
They could not keep the time.
After singing he began to pray,
Saying, fortunate it was he came that way.

"For we've had very showery times,
And I was well sheltered at Brcther Cline's."
Prayer being ended, the Bible he took,
Saying, "This is the best of book."

He soon commenced as others do,
Saying, "Another commandment I give unto you—
As a man loves his brother,
So ye also love one another."

This was the eleventh commandment, he preached,
 And many a good lesson did he teach.
 Once in a while he bore it in mind
 How well he was treated at one Brother Cline's.

After service was over he shook hands with all.
 His old friends were last to give him a call.
 Knowing what happened the previous day,
 They turned their heads some other way.

The Elder was not to be slighted in any such way,
 So he shook hands with both and went on his way.
 He looked quite smiling and bowed his head,
 Saying, "The next time I come I want the spare bed."

NEGRO ELECTED SUPERVISOR.

I'm 'sposed to tink dis world's growing wiser;
 Dis old coon is 'lected supervisor.
 Ah, dem white folks, dey lub dis nigger,
 For to do widout him is like a gun widout a trigger.

Dese abolitionists, dey lubs de darkey
 Just as much as I lubs fat turkey.
 Spose after while dis cuffy will be Esquire;
 I spect nothing else, but something little higher.

O dem white galls, how dey lub to be
 Along wid dis nigger wid his banjo on his knee.
 Sposin' I'd stoop so low—a white gall, I despise her!
 Since I got ris to the office of supervisor.

Shovel away, you white niggers, don't you know I'm boss?
 What de tevel are you doin'? don't you see, I'm gettin' cross?
 All hands to work, now; fill up dis hole;
 Don't you know I's de gemman has all de control.

What you doing smoking dar, ye man wid red shirt?
 Throw away yer pipe, and shovel in de dirt.
 What you all doing dar? why don't you work away?
 Spose, when night comes, ye all want yer pay.

What will my old mudder tink, dat once lived in Guinea,
 Dat now is a slave down in old Virginny?
 When she hears de news, how it will surprise her,
 To tink I am ris to de office of supervisor.

Oh, in dis Logan county I lub for to dwell,
 Because de gemmen use me bery well.
 But after all, dis darkey will not be content
 Till he's 'lected to de office of President.

Den you see de pale face savage as a bear.
 What dis darkey care wid twenty thousand a year!
 Den all de gemmen will want office in a hurry,
 But I ax em why dey hung old Brown at Harper's Ferry.

Now I must bring dis subject to a close,
 Cause I's much de gemmen, eberybody knows.
 I take my whisky toddy—dis cuffey's not a miser,
 If I am ris to de office of supervisor.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN A LAWYER AND A FARMER.

FARMER.

Good morning, Mr. Brisco, it's a fine day.
 You tend to business, I heard people say.
 I've a little business I wish you to tend,
 Between myself and a neighbor friend.

LAWYER.

I'm at your service, Mr. Brown,
 And I will tend to your business before you leave town.

FARMER.

My neighbor has a spring running through my fields:
 It hinders me from growing large yields.
 Now, what can be done in a case of this kind?
 Could I recover damages, if I were in mind?

LAWYER.

A very plain case, sir, to tell you true.
 And I would sue him if I were you.

FARMER.

Sir, you go ahead and work for me,
And you may expect a pretty large fee.

LAWYER.

We will talk about that, sir, after the suit;
Don't say much to any one, but keep very mute.

FARMER.

Indeed, sir, I am sorry for to say,
I represented this case quite the wrong way.
How I came to do it, I'm not able for to say;
But I drank a little liquor coming on the way.

LAWYER.

Well, now go on and tell your story through,
And I will tell you what for to do.

FARMER.

My spring on my upper farm
Runs through my neighbor's, close to his barn,
Which he considers does him much harm,
And causes a good deal of alarm.

LAWYER.

Just let your neighbor sue,
And I'll soon show him what we can do.
Why, it's quite useful to water his cattle—
Let him go ahead, and I'll win the battle.

FARMER.

How much do you have for your advice?
I see you're able to do business in a trice.

LAWYER.

Ten dollars, sir, is my fee,
Business of this nature between you and me.

FARMER.

Here's your money, sir, and I'll have to go.
I am much obliged to you, Mr. Brisco.

NO BELIEF IN MAN.

If on the sea shore you stand,
 Write your name on the sand.
 Look for it when the tide is high,
 When the waves are dashing by.
 If you chance to find it then,
 You believe in the vows of men.

If you wish more advice,
 Write your name on floating ice.
 If it is visible the last of May,
 When the ice is thawed away,
 Then you believe, and not till then,
 There's any truth in the vows of men.

If you are a buxom lass,
 View yourself in the glass.
 Then turn away if you're a mind--
 If an impression is left behind,
 Then believe, and not till then,
 There's any truth in the vows of men.

VERSES,

ON THE FORT NEAR NEWARK, LICKING COUNTY, OHIO.

In Licking county there are places of wonder,
 Many strange sights to behold;
 Where savages used for to wander,
 But their tale has never been told.

Near Newark's a fort of great size;
 Who made it no one can tell,
 Those that see it are struck with surprise;
 Its beauty is known very well.

Many persons, both young and old,
 While viewing this circle around,
 Declare its equal never was told,
 Since the world was drowned.

For such a beautiful scene,
 I'm sure we return many thanks,
 Since the beautiful trees so green
 Adorn its circular banks.

What race I can't get in my mind,
While viewing these curious mounds.
In no history can any one find,
To explain, 'tis quite out of bounds.

We call it "fort," but who knows
But 'twas built for kind of a pen.
The latter, one would readily suppose:
Quite likely game was plenty then.

Some people undertake for to say,
The entrance was once very wide;
Let this be as it may,
None is able for to decide.

Many strange stories are told,
By some who pretend to be wise,
Of giants and savages of old;
But who would believe all their lies?

This circle is almost round—
Thirty acres inside of its wall.
This makes it a great pleasure-ground
For people both great and small.

Within this circle may be found,
At least so I've been told,
A beautiful eagle-shaped mound,
Made by some one of old.

Many more small mounds can be seen,
Not far from the one I have mentioned,
Shining with beauties of green;
Most likely 'twill draw your attention.

Some strange stones have been found,
(At least so I've been told,)
While digging in those mounds,
Buried by some one of old.

On a bright, sunshiny day,
When leaves begin to appear,
About the beginning of May,
People are assembling here.

Many have come a great way,
Having heard of those beautiful mounds;
Many I've heard for to say,
How delightful those fair grounds!

The time is now drawing near,
For to bring this to a close;
If you happen to be passing by here,
You can see for yourself, I suppose.

THE BUTCHER AND HIS CALVES.

A butcher once called at an inn,
And found the landlord there within.
Soon they began to talk and prattle,
The subject was concerning cattle.

The landlord had a calf to sell,
And this the butcher knew full well;
But how to get him very low,
This the butcher did not know.

"Sir, I believe you've a calf to sell?"
"Yes, two of them, the truth to tell."
He purchased one both fat and fine,
And left the other one behind.

But now, as it did appear,
A cobbler was standing near.
As the butcher started for his calf,
The cobbler he began to laugh.

Then giving a whirl on his heel,
Says he, "The butcher's calf let's steal."
So the landlord bet two and a half,
He could not steal the butcher's calf.

No sooner said but it was done;
So up the road the cobbler run.
Says he, "I must win or lose."
So he took along a pair of shoes,

And when the butcher he saw behind,
He dropped a shoe for him to find.
When the shoe the butcher see,
Thinks he, "That's no use to me."

But the cobbler had it in his mind,
So he dropped the other for him to find.
The butcher found the other shoe,
As sure as I tell you.

Then back he starts for the other shoe,
Saying one was useless without the two.
And when he was nearly out of sight,
The cobbler ran with all his might.

He took the calf back to the inn,
And thus the bet he did win.
When the butcher found his calf was gone,
And that night was drawing on,

Back to the inn the butcher goes,
And thus his tale he does disclose :
Says he, "I've lost my calf,"
Which caused the men all to laugh.

"Lost your calf!" cries one and all;
"Surely this can not be at all."
"Yes, lost my calf, that's the news,
All through that cursed pair of shoes."

The landlord says, "Never mind,
I've another one left behind,
A little fatter than the other.
It always ran with its mother."

When the calf he began to feel,
Says he, "This will make good veal.
It resembles the other very much in size,
But the spot is larger between the eyes."

And all began to laugh,
Knowing it to be the very calf.
The butcher buys the calf as before,
And journeys on his way once more.

Says the cobbler, whirling on his heel,
"Once more the butcher's calf I'll steal."
"You can not do it, I tell you now,
I'll bet the price of my old cow."

"Done," says the cobbler, and off went he.
And soon the calf again he see.
The cobbler then began to bah;
The butcher he cried ah! ah!

And then he began to laugh,
Saying, "Now's the time to find my calf."
The cobbler slipped round as before,
And stold the butcher's calf once more.

The butcher searched all around,
 But the missing calf could not be found.
 "I will take home the one I've got,
 And be contented with my lot."

But after searching all around,
 Neither calf could be found.
 The butcher was puzzled, I've no doubt;
 But soon the joke it did leak out.

The landlord gave him his calf again,
 And the joke he did explain.
 Whene'er they meet they're sure to laugh,
 Concerning the butcher's losing his calf.

CONCERNING AN EVENING SCHOOL.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN JOHN AND WILLIAM.

WILLIAM.

Good evening, John, how are your spirits, lad,
 You look like one whose heart was sad.

JOHN.

Well, William, I don't know as to that,
 But something crossed my mind since here I've sat.

WILLIAM.

Why, John, you must not give away to trouble,
 Some have more than you almost double.

JOHN.

Yes, every one feels his trouble, as a rule;
 But I've been thinking about an evening school.
 The winter evenings are very long, indeed,
 And how useful it would be if we could only read.

WILLIAM.

Everyone to his fancy. I suppose you think it great,
 But, of all things, that's what I would hate.
 Who would want to go, and look like a dunce?
 I would sooner go to a grog-shop at once.

JOHN.

Oh now, William, you're only making fun.
How good it would be to go when our day's work is done;
And a grog-shop is full of sin and vice.
Not so with going to school; we'd learn something nice.

WILLIAM.

Nice! did you say? Have they something good to eat?
Or do they keep cigars, and give every one a treat?
If this is the case I will go with all my might,
But stay away a place to learn to read and write.

JOHN.

How will you get along when you get to be a man?
I am puzzled for to see, and write you never can.
How will you feel when you've a letter for to read?
You will find it very inconvenient, indeed.

WILLIAM.

Why, John, there's something in that; I think you're right;
Abody might learn a little if it was after night.
Now, what Bill Jones said I remember very well,
How bad he felt because he could not write to his gal.

JOHN.

Well, let us both try and learn all we can;
For my part, I would like to be quite a useful man.
The school it commences I believe to-morrow night:
Let us both go and learn with all our might.

WILLIAM.

With all my heart, John, we'll trudge along together,
Rain, snow or blow—we don't mind the weather.
If we only gain knowledge, our hearts will be content,
And by perseverance we might be a President.

JOHN.

Well, good bye, William, I am getting rather cool,
We will talk matters over when we meet at school.

THE MAMMOTH TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

Have you heard tell of the mammoth trees,
Away in California clime,
Which have stood for centuries,
And now are in their prime.

Eight miles in extent they wave in the air,
Some three hundred feet high.
In the eastern portion of the county of Tulare
They astonish the passer-by.

Now of late those giants have been found.
That in the forest grow;
One hundred and twenty-three feet round.
'Tis said by them that know.

The greatest trees of Calavera's bowers
Are now thrown in the dark.
Two men chopped for hours,
And still not through the bark.

Indeed, 'tis quite a sight,
To see trees of such a size,
And such enormous height,
Towering towards the skies.

Here the birds can take their rest,
And be secure from harm;
The eagle, too, can build her nest,
And be sheltered from the storm.

Here the buffalo and deer
Are sheltered from the cold.
What a lonely spot is here!
But half has never been told.

THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

Did you hear the story of the three black crows?
If you have not, then here it goes:
A gentleman—our neighbor Brown—
Who lives a little piece out of town,

Took very ill, I'll have you to know,
And vomited something black as crow.
Mr. Oaks, hearing the news,
Off he starts, without hat or shoes.

Saying, "Mr. Brown, is it really so?
Have you vomited something black as a crow?"
"Mr. Oaks, you are partly right;
It was something between black and white."

Then off he starts. When on his way,
He meets a man whose name is day,
Saying, " Mr. Day, I'll have you to know,
Major Brown vomited something black as a crow."

Now, Mr. Day was fond of fun,
So off he starts on a run.
He had not traveled far up the road,
When he meets a man the name of Goad.

And soon he brings the story round,
Concerning the tale of Major Brown.
Says he, " A few nights ago
Mr. Brown vomited a large black crow."

Mr. Goad thought the story true,
I've no doubt, between me and you.
He starts on his way in a fidget,
Wishing a chance to empty his budget.

Now, when he could do it,
He would always add a little to it.
So home he started for his life,
And related the tale to his wife,

Saying, " I've been told by one that knows,
Major Brown has vomited two black crows."
" Is it possible! " his wife she cries;
" Perhaps some one's telling lies."

" No, 'tis really true, so people say.
I got my news from Mr. Day.
He always speaks the truth, you know,
And would not lie concerning a crow."

Then Mrs. Goad soon started out,
And related her tale to Mr. Stout.
" Sad news," says she, " has come to town,
Concerning our friend Major Brown.

He was almost dead, and like to smother,
And vomited three black crows one after another."
This was news to Mr. Stout:
" The truth of this I must find out."

Then straight to Mr. Goad he goes,
Concerning the tale of the three black crows.
" Three crows, your wife told to me,
And all as black as they could be,

Came from the stomach of Major Brown ;
 He had not power to keep them down."
 "My wife made a mistake in one crow ;
 He vomited two, I very well know."

"Two black crows ! this never can be."
 "You have it as Day gave it to me.
 Soon Mr. Stout was on his way,
 And never stopped until he found Mr. Day.

"Good morning to you, Mr. Day ;
 And is it true, what people say,
 Concerning Major Brown ? The way the story goes,
 He actually vomited two black crows."

"No, sir, one black crow ; I believe 'tis a fact.
 Mr. Oaks saw the crow sitting on his back."
 "The truth of this story I wish to find out ;
 It is all a lie, I've no doubt."

Then off he goes, Mr. Oaks to find,
 And soon Mr. Stout's relieved in his mind :
 Saying, "Mr. Oaks, I came for to know,
 If Major Brown vomited a crow."

"No, indeed, I never said so ;
 He vomited something black as a crow."
 Then starting, a little piece out of town,
 He soon came to the house of Major Brown.

"Good morning, Major," Mr. Stout did say,
 "How long have you laid in this way ?"
 "About two weeks I've laid on my back,
 And I vomited something between white and black.

MORAL.

Now, when people come tattling with news,
 And some of their neighbors begin to abuse,
 Tell them you do not believe all that goes,
 And relate to them the story of the three black crows.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

There has been a long talk about the cable,
 That was stretchen across the ocean.
 By all accounts they are not able
 To keep the news in motion.

I think something will soon be done;
 Good many are now a-trying.
 This important work is now begun,
 So, what's the use of crying.

People studying night and day
 Concerning the bottom of the ocean,
 Who will show the cheapest way
 To set the spark in motion.

Science is taking rapid strides,
 All over our dominion.
 The steamer o'er the ocean glides;
 Now, what is your opinion?

News was once spread abroad,
 That we had a dispatch from the Queen.
 This is not the only fraud
 That other men have seen.

But never mind what has passed;
 Just push along the cable.
 We'll be sure to conquer at last;
 So work while you're able.

Who knows what little town
 May find the man of talent.
 I've heard it going the round,
 That some one has a patent.

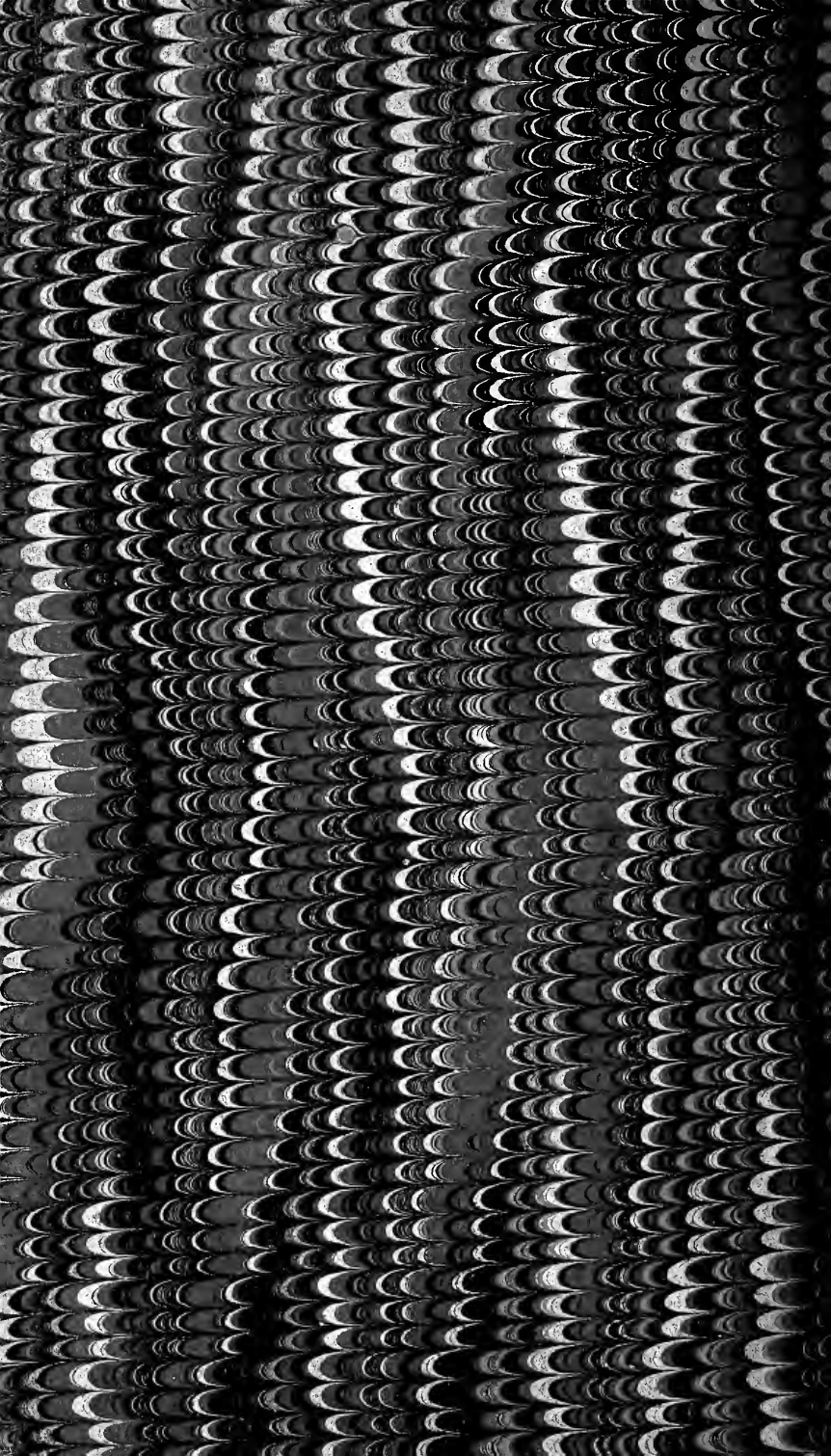
May his plan stretch o'er the sand,
 Whoever he may be.
 Under good command may his cable stand,
 While stretched across the sea.

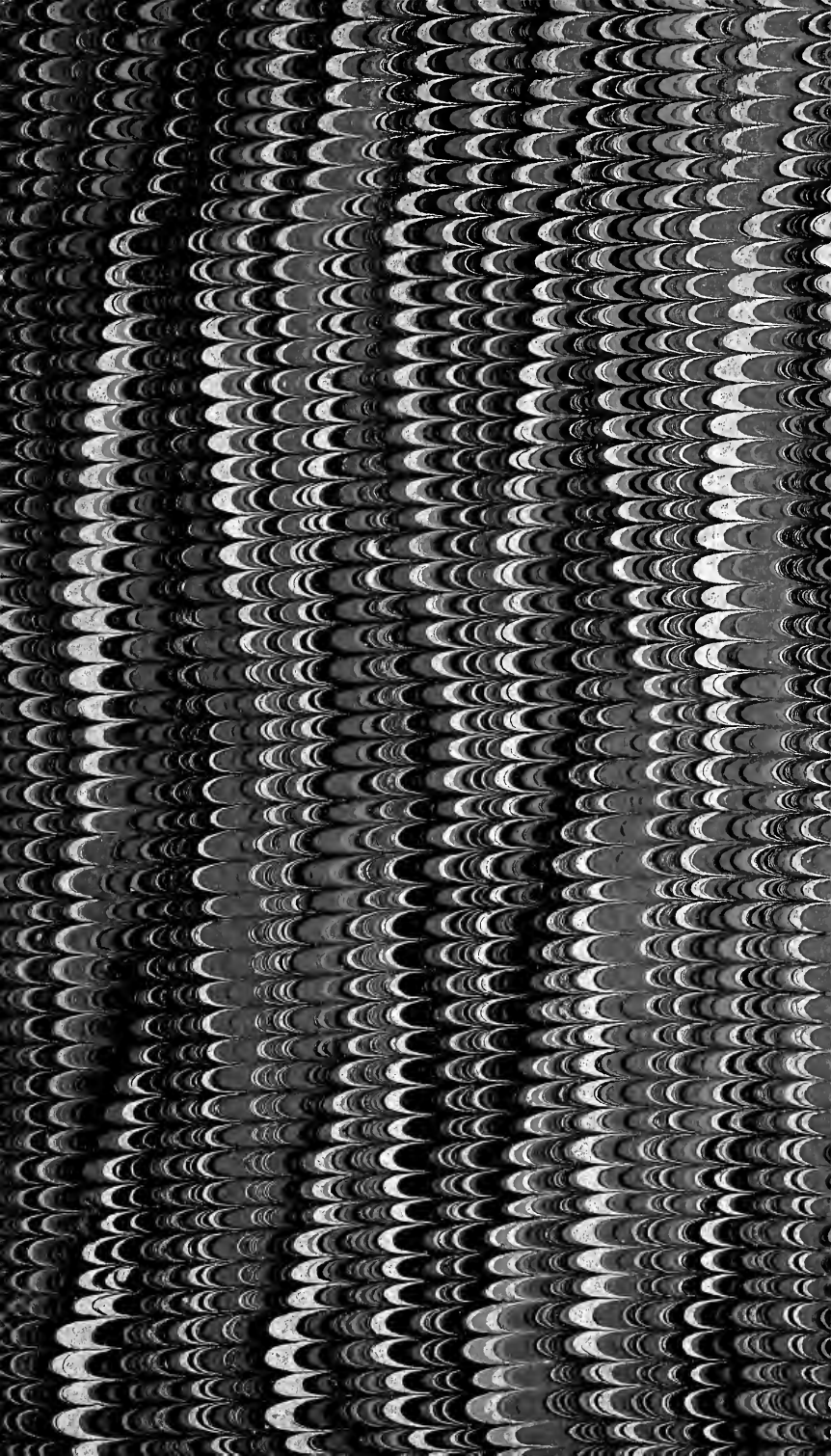
When storms arise and tempests roar,
 May our ships then sweetly glide
 O'er the cable for evermore,
 While ebbs and flows the tide.

The briny spray it seems to say,
 While with the wind 'tis tossed,
 May the noble cable imbedded lay,
 And waft the news across.

I hope the time is near at hand,
 When news will fly from shore to shore,
 And people throughout every land
 Will dwell in peace for evermore.







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 604 149 5